

SOUVENIRS DE MADAME BISHOP.

RECUEIL

d'Airs, Cavatines, Ballades,

Chansonettes ETC. ETC.

chantés et humblement dédiés à



SA MAJESTÉ

LA REINE DE DANNEMARC



PAR

Madame A. Bishop

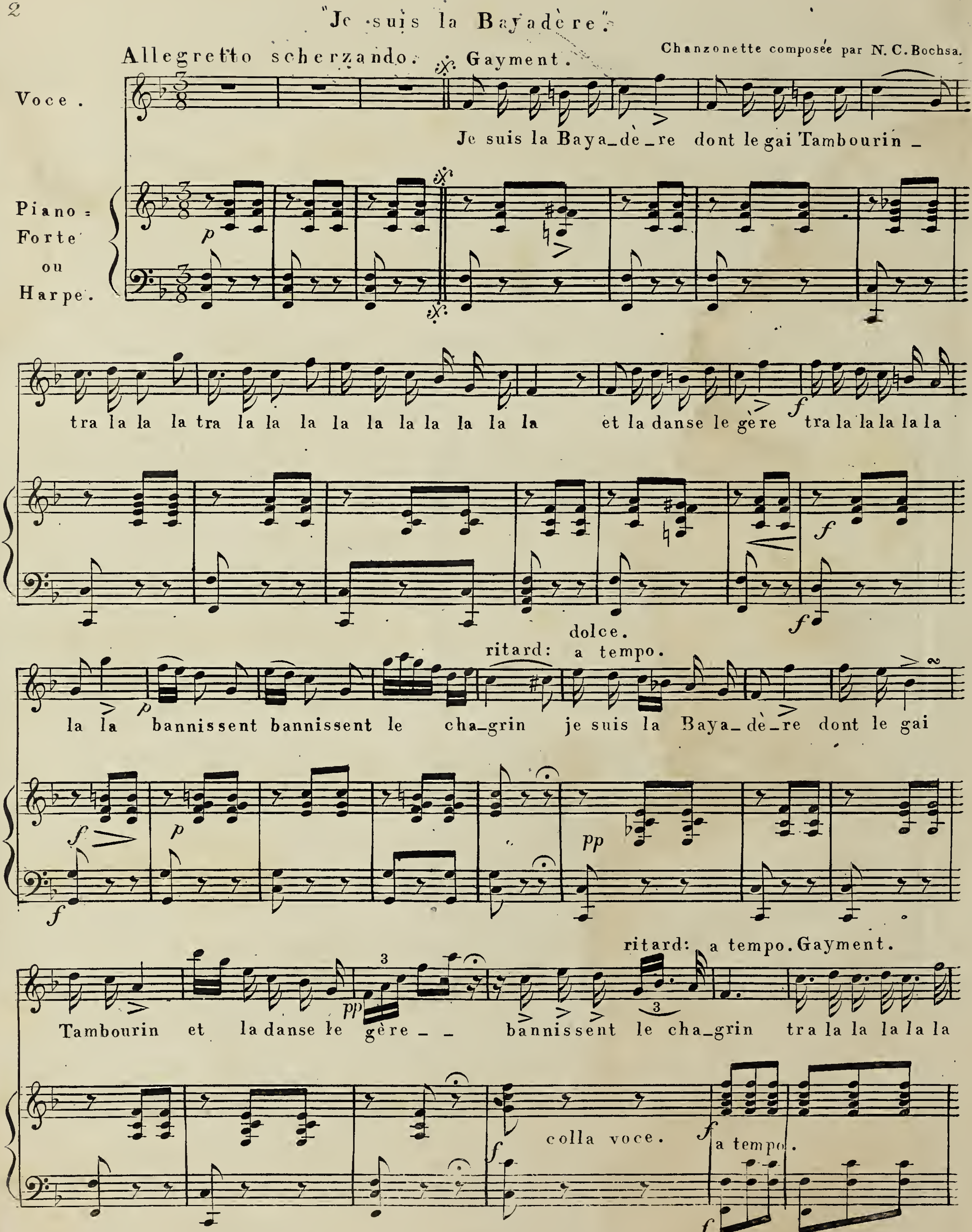
Les accompagnemens de Piano et Harpe sont par

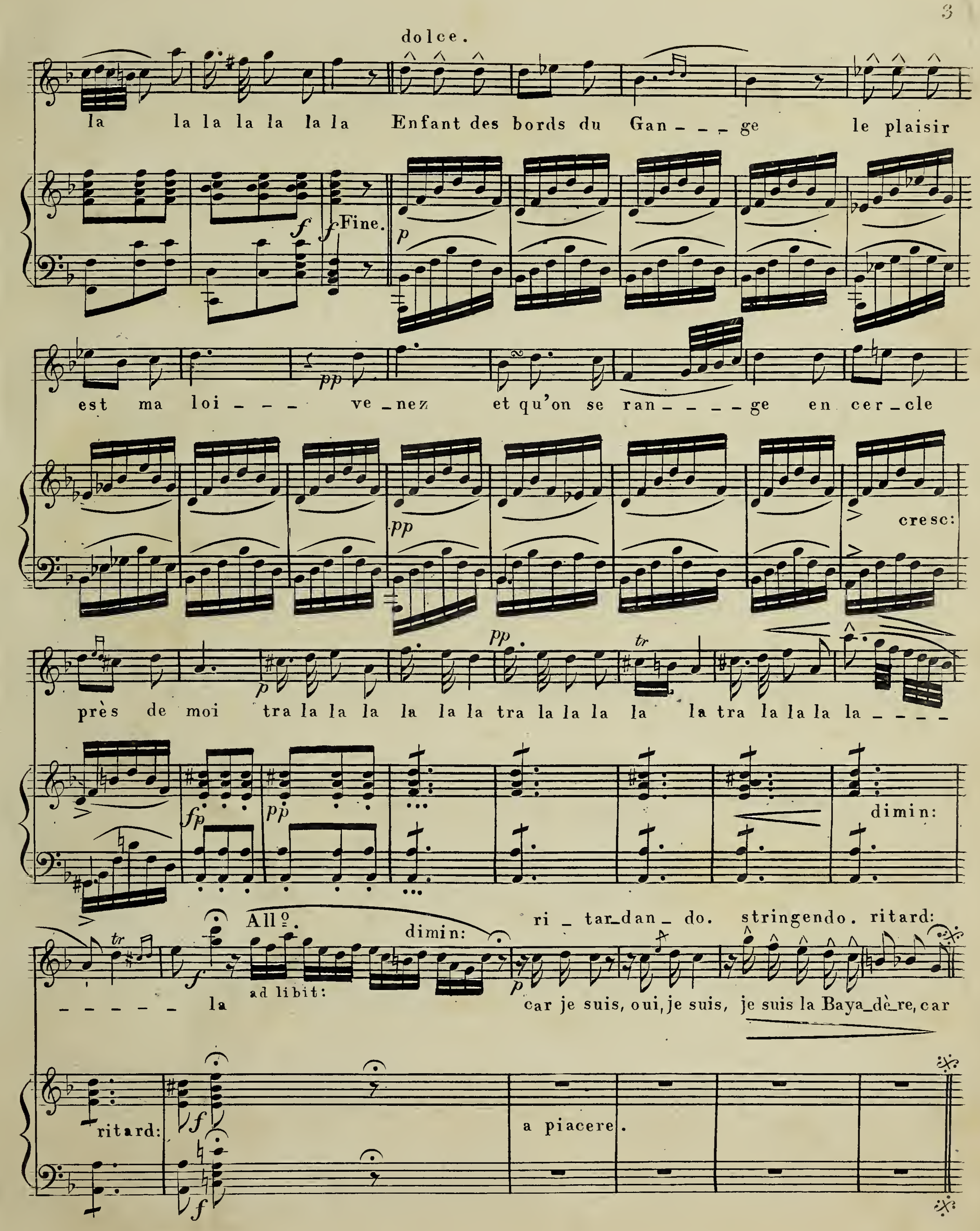
N. C. BOCHSA.

COPENHAGUE,

chez C.C. Lose & Olsen.

"Je suis la Bayadère."




dolce.
la la la la la la la Enfant des bords du Gan _ _ _ ge le plaisir
Fine.
est ma loi _ _ _ ve _ nez et qu'on se ran _ _ _ _ ge en cer _ cle
cresc:
près de moi tra la la la la la la tra la la la la la tra la la la la _ _ _
dimin:
_ _ _ _ _ la
All°.
ad libit:
dimin:
ri _ tar_dan _ do. stringendo. ritard:
car je suis, oui, je suis, je suis la Baya_dè_re, car
ritard:
a piacere.

"John Anderson, my Jo."

Moderato.

Ballade Ecossaise.

Voce.

Piano Forte.

mf

p mf p p tr



2.

John Anderson, my Jo, John,
When we were first acquaint
Your locks were like the raven
Your bonny brow was brent
But now y're growing old, John,
Your locks are like the snow
Jet blessings on your frosty frow
John Anderson, my Jo.

3.

John Anderson, my Jo, John,
We clamb the hill together
And mong a canty day, John,
W'ere had we ane anither
Now we mann totter down John,
But hand in hand we'll go
And sleef togither at the foot
John Anderson, my Jo.

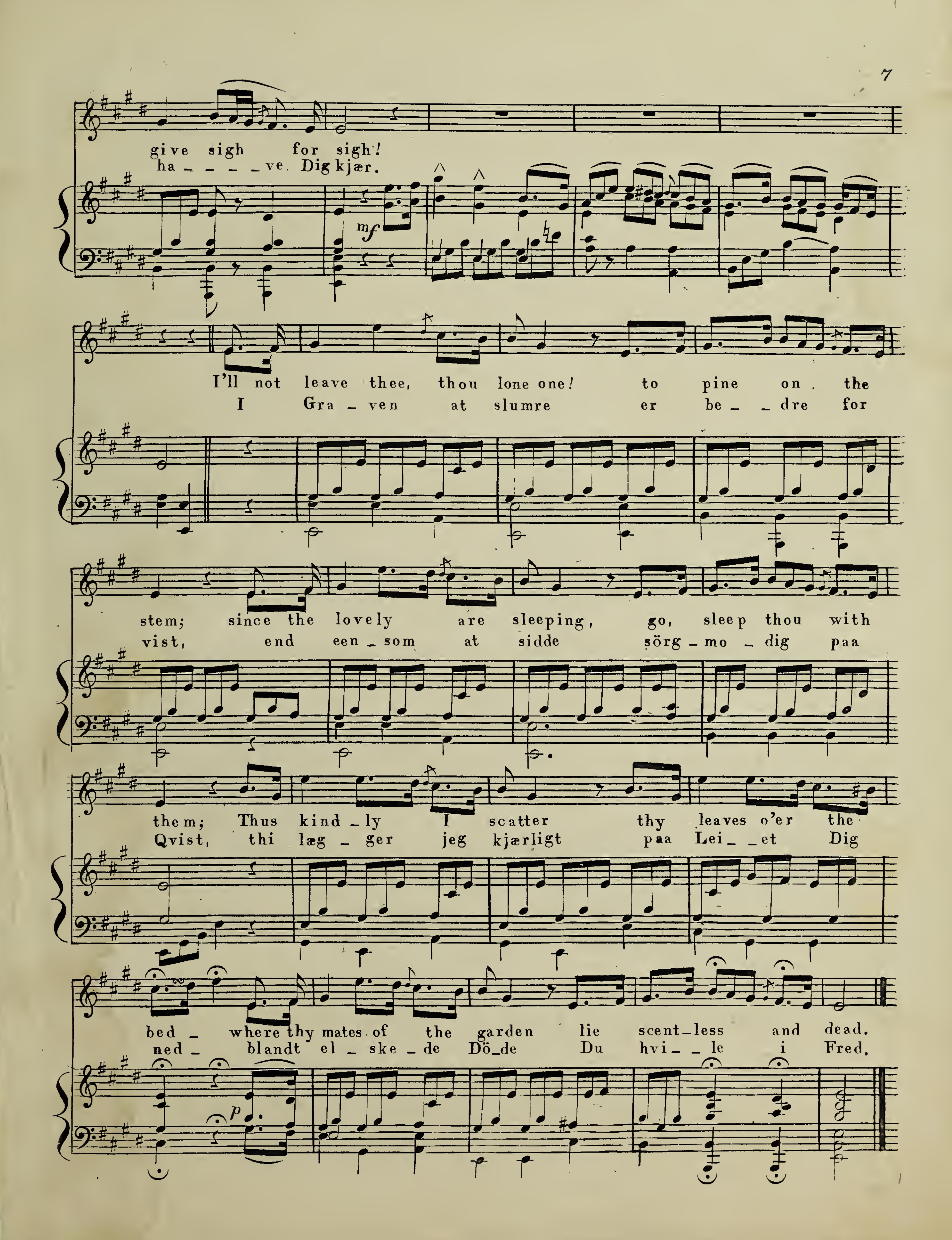
2.

John Anderson, min troe John,
Da först Du mödte mig
Din Lok var sort som Ravnen,
Frit hvælved Panden sig.
Nu er Din Lok som Sneen,
Din Vaar er svunden hen,
Men Gud Din Vinter signe vil
John Anderson, min Ven!

3.

John Anderson, min troe John,
Naar Morgensol stod op
Vi Haand i Haand den hilste
Paa Fjeldets höi'ste Top;
Nu vakle vi nedad, John!
Men kjærligt som forhen
Og ved dets Fod vi sove vil
John Anderson, min Ven!


"The last rose of summer."
Andantino.
(Den sidste Rose.)
Ballade Irlandaise.
Voce.
Piano-Forte.
dolce.
'Tis the
Sidste
last rose of summer left blooming a _ lone, all her lovely com _
Ro _ se, hvi blomstrer saa eensom Du her, Di _ ne yn _ di _ ge
_ _ panions are fa _ _ _ _ _ ded and gone; No flower of her kindred, no
Söstre hen _ fal _ _ _ _ me _ de er, de duf _ ten _ de Frænder ei
Rose _ bud is nigh _ _ _, to re _ fleet back her blushes, or
meer er Dig nær _ _ som röd _ men _ de hviske vi
mf


give sigh for sigh!
ha _ _ _ _ ve. Dig kjær.
mf
I'll not leave thee, thou lone one! to pine on the
I Gra _ ven at slumre er be _ _ dre for
stem; since the lovely are sleeping, go, sleep thou with
vist, end een _ som at sidde sörg _ mo _ dig paa
them; Thus kind _ ly I scatter thy leaves o'er the
Qvist, thi læg _ ger jeg kjærligt paa Lei _ _et Dig
bed _ where thy mates of the garden lie scent_less and dead.
ned _ blandt el _ ske _ de Dö_de Du hvi _ _ le i Fred.
p